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SCENE IN CROMER CHURCHYARD, ON A WINDY DAY.

## MARRIAGE;

OR,

### THE BACHELOR IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WOMAN AND THE CHILD WIFE.

"She was not fair, nor beautiful; those words express her not;

But oh, her looks had something excellent that wants a name."

*Hyperion.*

No. 200, 1855.

"AND this is Cromer?" said Miss Katharine to Care, as they drove through High-street. The servant's real name was Keren-happuch; but, this being justly considered too difficult a polysyllable for the children, whose nurse she had been, to pronounce, it had degenerated into "Care."

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"Yes, ma'am, this is Cromer, and a very pleasant spot it is."

"Are you going to lodge near the church?"

"I don't know, ma'am. My former master had a house two miles off the town some years back; but I don't know much of Cromer lodgings."

The coach now stopped at the gateway of the New Hotel, which has retained its name long after it has lost its appearance of *new*. Miss Katharine looked rather timidly up to the church tower, and then down again to the scattered ruins in the churchyard, and said:—

"What a frightful crash it will be when that steeple comes down, as it will some day, into the midst of the town, and crushes all the inhabitants. I could not sleep near the church for the world. Then high winds are so very common on this coast; and the houses seem all built close to it, out of aggravation, or—why, dear me! there is the sea close at the back of the hotel. I declare we look as though we should step into it. What an unsafe, disagreeable place!"

The invalid, tired as he looked, could not forbear a smile, as he said: "How many gales that old tower has stood, even in my recollection! depend upon it, it will stand many more."

Allan's appearance at the door, with an offer of assistance to the traveller, prevented a reply; and they were soon standing in the entrance hall of the hotel, where, although the polite and smirking welcome of the landlord of olden time was missing, there was no lack of civil greeting.

There was a little dignity in the manner of the young lady; and, after having assisted her brother into a sitting-room, Allan was compelled to offer his arm to his aunt, and at once to commence a search for apartments.

It is not an easy matter at any time to find exactly the size and number of rooms needed, in precisely the situation desired, and Allan Grant almost regretted his undertaking, when he found that Miss Katharine's ideas of comfortable lodgings and his own were in such direct opposition. They walked to the cliff, where, in truth, dwellings of all sorts and sizes, to say nothing of a comfortable boarding-house, hung up their little cards, bearing the word "lodgings." But the cliff! Miss Katharine thought she should of the two prefer the death by the church to that by a fall from the cliff. Oh no, it was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, they walked into the town again.

Here was the church, as tall and as formidable as ever, and most of the lodgings there were over shops, which Miss Katharine declared not genteel.

Allan was favourably disposed to a house on the terrace; but no! Miss Katharine asserted that all the chimneys smoked. He then proposed a house on the beach, which was too low to fear a fall; but, on his aunt protesting that after a heavy sea she had heard, on good authority, that shrimps had been seen almost swimming in the dining-room, and that the very bed-chambers were sometimes afloat, he did not persist. So they walked through the town, past the fish gangway, and at length stopped before a small cottage at the entrance of the town, where a saddler in spectacles sate at work—the very saddler who had sate there years before. This little cottage seemed the very thing.

It was a pleasant little spot, looking over the light-house hills, and having the advantage—a great one in Miss Katharine's eyes—of seeing all arrivals and departures; so the cottage was engaged, and Allan was glad of it; whilst Miss Katharine declared herself suddenly faint for want of dinner, and urged all possible despatch to the New Hotel.

They were, of course, too late to return by the coach after their peregrination. Allan would have slept at Cromer; not so Miss Katharine, however, although prepared for the emergency. To sleep in an unaired bed, beneath the ominous shadow of the church tower, and within hearing of the raging sea, was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, a carriage was ordered to convey them to Norwich at four o'clock, and to bring the two ladies back to Cromer on the following day.

Dinner was over at last, and, Miss Katharine being safely asleep in an easy chair, Allan Grant sauntered forth into the town, thinking that the captain in India was a wise man not to saddle himself with so fidgetty and complaining a woman as his aunt; and wondering whether he should see the lady who had so fascinated him in the morning, less by her features, which he had scarcely been able to discern, than by the charm of her voice and manner. He had walked through the churchyard, and had twice nearly lost his hat in the wind, which always takes hats, bonnets, and umbrellas at the corner, when he met his fellow-traveller of the morning battling with a little parasol, which was finally turned inside out, whilst her veil was carried aloft in the air, and was seen whirling and turning about like a black kite, to the no small amusement of the children in the streets. He could but offer to help the maiden, to hold the little gate for her to pass through, and finally to follow her into a shop, where she began to laugh merrily—more merrily than he thought in the morning was possible—and to arrange her disordered hair.

Never was mortal more thankful to the winds of heaven than Allan Grant to the gust by the churchyard gate. He could now see the face which the thick veil had hidden; and a beautiful face it was; yet not so beautiful, perhaps, as interesting. It was a calm, peaceful face, usually somewhat too serious for its youth, but when, as on the present occasion, lighted up with mirth, bright and glowing as a sunbeam. Allan felt conscious of a symmetry in the whole—a perfect accordance of face, figure, and soul; and perhaps the word which best described the fair creation was, that it was *womanly*. Childhood had passed away with Edith Arundel, and she had left childish thoughts and childish things for the solemn realities of life.

He forgot that his presence by this time was not only unnecessary, but rude; and, returning the damaged parasol, he looked around the shop in which they stood, as though to find some pretext for a purchase. A long train of red cotton pocket handkerchiefs, spotted with white, seemed to strike him with a happy thought. He would buy some silk pocket handkerchiefs. He asked the shopman for the article, at the same moment that Miss Arundel made an inquiry of the master of the shop in reference to some apartments which they had to let. She spoke freely and pleasantly to

him, saying that she remembered buying sugarcandy there when she was a child, and telling him her name. The lodgings would not do; but he directed her to others, and then asked for her father and mother. The voice faltered now, and Allan was half angry that any one could have wounded her by the question. She seemed to have several purchases to make, and to be fully acquainted with the price of different household commodities, politely rejecting articles the quality of which she did not approve, and looking at some brushes which were offered her, as Allan thought, a little too critically. The handkerchiefs were purchased, although the choice did but little credit to Allan's taste; but he was content, and in a sudden impulse of benevolence asked for some silks, with a view to purchasing a dress for his aunt; but when the silks were displayed in tempting folds before him, he had no distinct idea whether he was looking at a cherry blossom or a green, and gave his order for a dress at random; and, finally, when the young lady vanished from the shop, he hastily offered an old passport from his pocket-book in lieu of a five-pound note, to the great perplexity of the young man who served him, and who took it forthwith to the back of the shop to his master. A serious consultation ensued, whilst Allan, who was impatient for his change, followed the beautiful figure of Edith Arundel, as it passed down the street towards the hotel, and was only aroused from his reverie by the voice of the draper, who said, in a very decided tone, and with a manner not unminged with suspicion: "Can't change this note, sir."

Allan started, and, taking the passport, which in its foreign tongue had so sorely perplexed the Cromer tradesman, laughed and coloured, and, replacing it in his book, presented a genuine bank of England note for change.

He was not a very lively companion to his aunt on their homeward journey, and so she seemed to think; for she slept, with little interruption, until they arrived at North Walsham—the route which, to accommodate Miss Katharine's desire for a change, he had directed the driver to take. She awoke chilly, and grumbled so much, that he was glad when she went to sleep again; and he was still pitying his grandmother her hard lot, in having to spend the evening of her life under so great a cloud as this gloomy presence, when the coach rattled through Magdalen-street, over Tombland, and so into the old Close, where Mrs. Meadows was looking for them as for travellers from a far country.

It was a happy supper that night. Mrs. Meadows was pleased with the idea of the lodging at a safe distance from the sea and the church, and only vexed because Miss Katharine could not quite determine whether the bed-rooms were covered with carpets or had only bed-side pieces. There was a spare room, in case the old ladies liked a visitor, and two good-sized sitting-rooms, attendance, and every requisite; but what was the price?

"I have settled that, my dear grandmother, and have paid a month in advance, so that you need have no care for that," said Allan, putting a note for £50 into her hands. "It is the best part of having a little loose cash, to be able to give it away."

"But £50! my dear Allan—to think of my wanting £50!"

"I hope you will ask for more when that is done. Hire a carriage every day, and drive among the lanes and over the breezy heath; ask some visitor to come and cheer you, and stay till you are tired of Cromer. You will take Janet, of course?"

"Oh, I don't know; girls are sure to get into mischief in lodgings, and at the sea-side especially, and it always teaches them idle ways. Better not, I think; I had thought of sending Janet to her mother's, or to Mrs. Grant's; poor thing, she is just now in sad distress for a servant."

"Is she? I would not advise Janet to help her out of it; but, my dear grandmother, Janet is not exactly a *girl*. She has grey hair, and no teeth; what may her age be?"

"Fifty, at least," said Miss Katharine, who always went by the rule of addition with other people's ages, and subtraction with her own.

"By-the-by, Allan, what an old-fashioned piece of goods that woman with an odd name—Mercy, or Patience, or Charity, or whatever they call her—was."

"Care, they call her," said Allan shortly, for he remembered the sweet voice which made the name sound so musical that morning. "Care was her name."

"Well, Care was a queer piece of goods I say—a prim, starched-up, not over-civil body. I could get nothing out of her."

"To be sure you did not try?"

"To be sure I *did*, and she only screwed up her mouth, and answered as shortly as she could."

"Why, what could you want to get out of her?"

"Ah, Master Allan, I know a little of man's curiosity, and I dare say it was as sharp as mine, only it had reference to a girl, instead of a poor invalid gentleman. I found at last they came from Ely."

"Oh."

"I asked if the young people were brother and sister, and the woman said 'Yes,' neither more nor less."

"Less she could scarcely have said; well, what else?"

"That they came from Ely."

"Yes, I know that."

"That they had just lost their mother, and that three sisters and one brother had all been swept away by a fever, about four years ago."

"I think Care was communicative; is that all?"

"Oh, she praised the young lady up to the skies; said she was perfection, and that her brother never knew what an impatient word or a cross look was from her; and I am sure that is to her credit, for he seemed extremely contrary. Care threw out one or two hints, that they belonged to some great family. She called the young man Mr. Arundel, I remember. I shall look in the Red Book to-morrow. I dare say we shall see them again at Cromer. I wonder, sister Meadows, if that poor creature ever tried rum and milk of a morning, fasting. It did my cough a great deal of good one winter. Allan, there goes your old friend Mr. Ashton; dear, dear, how old he looks. I fancy he begins to see already, that it is not often a wise thing to press a girl into marriage,

even though it be to see his daughter the wife of an intimate friend."

"It is rather early to judge of their happiness or suitability, is it not?" said Allan.

"Poor dear!" answered Mrs. Meadows, "I don't know; I think she will look happier as she gets older, and she would be happier still, if she would but leave off mooning about that cathedral, and wandering among the cloisters. A young married woman ought to find something better to do."

"It is a great mistake to have brought up a girl without female companionship," said Allan.

"It is a blessing her peculiarities of taste are so innocent."

"It is indeed; you may well say that. Your cousins have rather taken her up lately, but she is not in their way. Agnes Hamilton, too, was very friendly with her. She is a nice girl now; Allan, I should like you to have her for a wife."

"I don't know her, grandmother."

"She is the daughter of Mr. Hamilton here, one of the minor canons. What! not know Agnes Hamilton? she so often comes in here to read to me. She is a nice girl, and so useful. How was it she didn't come while Allan was staying here last year, sister Katharine?"

"Her mother, you know, was then in her dying illness; don't you recollect?"

"Oh yes; well, she is one of the most sensible girls I know; a practical, good girl. Not like those vain Grants, always after something above or beyond them; but a useful, charitable, excellent young woman. I think, perhaps, she rather overdid it with Annie Ashton, in setting her to visit her poor people, and make flannel petticoats. Poor child—Annie I mean—she once brought me in some print, which Agnes Hamilton had left her to cut out into children's frocks, and she said she would do it with pleasure, but it really was not in her to do such things."

"How absurd!" said Allan, thinking of the lady at Yarmouth.

"Not at all; Agnes Hamilton is not absurd, my dear. She is not one of your inconsistent folks, who let the foot-marks of their charity be seen everywhere but at home. She is the right hand of her father, the mother of her young brothers and sisters, and such a housekeeper!"

"That it would be a shame, I am sure, to marry her," said Allan, smiling; "but come, my dear grandmother, you must not sit up too late to-night, planning for my matrimonial happiness. Remember Cromer to-morrow."

"Ah, dear, you are very kind; I wonder where we should find another young man of fortune and rank like yourself, troubling himself to think of a poor, ignorant, old woman like me. You deserve the best wife in England."

"I don't know that, dear grandmother; but I am sure I should not make a good husband to the best wife in England, if I were not dutiful to my oldest friends."

She looked lovingly at him; but her heart was too full to speak, and even Miss Katharine was softened, particularly when, after reading a chapter and a short prayer, Allan Grant bade her an affectionate good night, and told her that the brown paper parcel in the hall was for her.

Here, in the very room where, but a few months before, his dreams had been of Annie Ashton, he now sat by the open window, gazing out on the moonlight glories of the soft evening, and thinking of the maiden with the lofty presence, who stepped forth from the shop at Cromer into the stony streets with such a queen-like air, and yet not with an air of foolish pride or vain assumption either, but the dignity of self-respect; and he felt what he had never felt before, that the woman whom he would choose for his life's companion must be one whose soul he could venerate as well as love, and something more than a mere child-wife.

A letter from London by the morning post altered his intention of going, as he had proposed, to settle his grandmother and aunt at Cromer; but they bore the disappointment very philosophically, and perhaps bemoaned the summons to London less than he did. There is some truth in the saying, that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together." The kindness of an energetic young heart is often in its exercise positive cruelty to the aged. They cannot be hurried, even in a pleasant path, nor will ever such a beautiful prospect of enjoyment induce them to forego one of their old habits, which become so entirely their second nature.

So, having seen all the luggage safely packed on the Cromer carriage, and paid the driver beforehand, much to Miss Katharine's indignation, who declared their chances were lessened by so many shillings, of reaching their destination in safety, he betook himself—it being the hour for evening prayer—to the cathedral, where the organ was already pealing forth a fine Gregorian chant, and the steps of the curious were hushed upon the ancient pavement. The light was soft and subdued: he thought he had never seen the church so solemnly beautiful, or heard the choristers' voices ring so clearly through the vaulted roof. Annie Ruthven was among the worshippers; and as she stood up at different parts of the service, Allan could not but observe a shade of sadness on her sweet young face, and recalled the conversation which he had held with her scarcely a twelve-month ago, on the secret of the devotional elevations in these services which she described.

When the last "Amen" was sounded, and many busy feet again trod the aisle, he looked round for the young wife, and saw that her head was still bowed, and that she had not yet risen from her knees. Could it be that sorrow had thus early clouded her wedded life—that she, that girlish thing, with the weight of scarce eighteen years upon her, should have already learned to weep, and to shed tears alone? He was looking earnestly at her from the opposite side of the choir, when she arose, and, gliding down the aisle, disappeared; but he, unwilling to miss the chance of an interview, immediately walked down the other aisle, and met her at the entrance of the cathedral. The love passages, if such they might be called, in the brief page of the history of their intercourse, had never been sufficiently marked to admit of any great awkwardness on either side, and there was only a slight blush on Annie's cheek, as, frankly extending her hand, she said:

"Were you at service? I did not see you."

They turned again to look at Bishop Bathurst's monument, which Allan had not yet seen, and as



they did so, he said: "This really is beautiful. Is this still a favourite resort of yours?"

He asked the question carelessly, and was scarcely prepared for the reply.

"Indeed it is; there is not a spot in the world I love so well; I am never weary here, as I am in other places—never."

"It is a good thing to love a good place, and certainly the temple of God must be such; but we are in the battle-field of life still, and can only turn aside from the conflict occasionally, to gather fresh strength and to sharpen our weapons anew. We are here to fight, you know, to strive as well as to meditate."

"We get strength for the fight, however; even you will allow this, Mr. Grant?"

"Indeed we do; but I often think how practical the Bible teaching is—how it provides for every circumstance of human beings."

She did not reply for a moment. At length she said: "I suppose I am not practical. Have you looked at the monument long enough?"

"Yes, I will not detain you;" and they walked silently out of the cathedral together.

She asked for Mrs. Meadows when they came to the house door, and expressed sorrow that she could see so little of her now; but she was so busy, she said, and had everything to learn, and just those sort of things which seem not worth the trouble.

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, the market prices; the difference between an old fowl and a young one; what is good, in short, and what is bad."

"You are improved, I dare say," said Allan, with a smile, "since the time when you did not know the history of a giblet pie?"

"You have heard of that? I don't know; I am afraid not; but Mrs. Ruthven is gone into Yorkshire now, and I shall be left to my own resources for a time; perhaps that is as well; but I have to buy my experience, and so has my husband."

"I fear you don't find Spenser a very useful text-book now?"

"No, indeed; I have no time to fancy myself Una now-a-days, and I have been studying Milton's Eve, but find no resemblance between her and myself; she was intent only to

'Study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.'

You would never hear the professor exclaim, with Adam—

'Accomplished Eve!'

"At the risk of being thought very prosy and practical, Mrs. Ruthven, I will venture to say that I think it is scarcely safe to take these Eves any more than Unas, or any ideal characters, for our models. We are so apt to fancy ourselves other than we really are, to dream when we should work, and to theorise when we should practise. This is one of the great dangers of the imagination."

"You had better write a poem, or, better still, an essay on the 'Dangers of the Imagination.' The 'Pleasures' of it have already been treated in verse. But we are nearly at my home: will you walk in? Yet no, I can scarcely ask you. I am

going to receive visitors to-day, and shall be busy. I do not find Spenser any guide on such an occasion, either. Good-bye." And she hastened away; but he saw on the brow of that young and beautiful wife, whom he had once dreamed might be his own, a shadow of coming sorrow—a mournful presage of unfitness for the duties of a wife, and without the inestimable blessing of the confidence and respect of a man who turned sometimes from his book to look at her as on a pretty picture, or when he was weary of an evening loved to listen to her pleasant prattle, or to hear her sing her plaintive song; but who never thought of her as aught but a plaything and a pet; nor dreamed that she might be lonely, and might now and then sigh for companionship and sympathy, which it was not in his power to give. And thus melted away this vision of Allan Grant's, and he felt that his early dream was over for ever.

How poor a place for the sentimental, or for dreams of any kind, is the railway station of the Eastern Counties Company at Shoreditch, let those who have been hustled and jostled and crushed thereat bear witness; and Allan Grant found himself on its platform not many hours after his parting interview with Annie Ruthven.

## INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MORALS.

### SECOND SERIES.

#### LESSON VI.—SINGLENES OF VIRTUE.

##### § 1. *Various Treatises on Morals.*

THERE are several treatises on morals, by various writers, in several languages, in which you will find an enumeration of what are called the different *virtues*; such as fortitude, temperance, justice, liberality, gentleness, etc. And there is much that may be studied with profit in some of these treatises. But, in studying them, you must be very careful to avoid the mistake of supposing these virtues to be so many *distinct habits*, independent of each other, like the several different sciences and arts.

What is likely to tend to this mistake is, that they are, like the several sciences and arts, conversant about different *kinds of things*. As arithmetic, for instance, relates to numbers, and grammar to language, and music to certain sounds, etc., which are things of quite different kinds; so fortitude is concerned about danger and pains, and liberality about money and other property, and temperance about sensual indulgences, etc. And hence a person might fall into the mistake of considering each virtue to be a habit as distinct from the rest, and unconnected with them; as music, for instance, from grammar or mathematics.

A man may, we know, be a mathematician without being a classical scholar; or he may be a painter without understanding music: and so of the rest. And those who do possess a knowledge of several different arts or sciences, will usually have learnt them from so many different teachers. But it is not so with what are called the different moral habits. These, though conversant about different kinds of things, are, properly, only *branches of the one habit of virtue*, which is, as has been above explained,

the habit of doing whatever is *right*; of regulating our whole conduct and character by an enlightened conscience, and keeping every part of our nature in subjection to that.

### § 2. *Virtues not distinct, like the Arts.*

When we apply the word "art" to agriculture, for instance, and to navigation and to architecture, etc., we are only using that term to denote a class which comprehends several things of different kinds, each of which may be properly called "*an art*," and is independent of the rest. But we ought not, strictly speaking, to say that temperance, for instance, is "*a virtue*;" it is, in truth, a *part* of virtue: it consists in performing one portion of our duty; and duty extends to the proper regulation of our actions and inclinations throughout; in short, to the whole character.

As for the various arts and sciences, they not only are conversant about different kinds of things, but they depend on *different faculties* in the mind; and *this* it is that makes them quite distinct and independent of each other. The power, for instance, by which a man calculates, and that by which he learns a language, and that by which he constructs a machine, are quite distinct. You may, if you will, apply the one word "understanding" or "intellect" to every one of these faculties; but this would be only applying one *name* to several different kinds of powers. In like manner, the one word "sense" may be applied to hearing, sight, and smell; but they are quite *distinct* senses; and we could not use the eyes for hearing, or the ears for seeing. But conscience is *one* faculty, not several: and we are bound to keep *all* our various appetites, desires, affections, etc., different as these are from each other, under the one control, of that one which we have called conscience.

### § 3. *Apparent, but not real Virtues.*

But what helps to mislead people as to this point is, that we may often see what *appear* to be virtuous habits, quite unconnected with each other. For instance, a man who is sober, from being convinced that intemperance would bring sickness, and perhaps poverty, may appear to be practising the virtue of temperance; and yet he may be a cheat, and a liar, etc. He may, perhaps, be a member of what is called a "Temperance Society," the rule of which binds a man as to one point only; and he may never think at all of that society called a "Christian Church," the members of which are bound to "fight manfully under the banner of Christ crucified, against *sin*;" and which, accordingly, is both a "Temperance Society," and also an "Honesty Society," and a "Veracity Society," and a "Benevolence Society," etc.

Or, again, take the instance of courage; a man of constitutional intrepidity and firmness, with a great desire of glory, and perhaps a strong attachment to his country, will be likely to make a good soldier, though he may be covetous, and cruel, and tainted with many other vices. And, accordingly, the most formidable armies have been often made up of men whom no one would call virtuous characters. But the courage of such a man is only an *apparent*, not a *real* virtue. For virtue consists in doing one's *duty*, because it is duty, and on a right

*principle*—a principle which extends to *all* points of duty alike. A man is rightly called "an artist" who is master of even any *one* art, though he may be ignorant of the rest. But no one is a good man who does not strive to do what is *right*, and abstain from what is *wrong*, *throughout*.

### § 4. *The sacred Writers, and the heathen Philosophers, agree on the oneness of Virtue.*

And this is in conformity with what the apostle James says—"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For that law which said"—(this is the marginal reading of our bibles)—"Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law." (James ii. 10, 11.) He does not mean that a single sin is as bad as many, or that all sins are equal. Nor can it be supposed that when our Lord bids us "be perfect," (or rather, according to the original, "complete,") "even as our heavenly Father is perfect," he means that nothing short of god-like, sinless goodness would be accepted. But he and his apostles meant only, that a man acting on a right principle, according to the best of his own moral judgment and discretion, (what James calls the "perfect law of liberty,") will not pass over altogether and wilfully neglect any portion of duty; since the same principle extends to the whole; and, consequently, every transgressor is a "transgressor of the law" altogether. But if, on the contrary, there were as many distinct, independent, and unconnected rules laid down, as there are things to be done and to be avoided, then, a man who should have violated *one* of these rules, would have done nothing against the rest. As it is, our obedience to the law of conscience, however *imperfect*, in one sense, it may be, is not, they teach us, to be *partial* and *limited*. So, also, the apostle Paul tells us that "he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law;" (meaning, of course, as far as regards one's neighbours). "For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. xiii. 9, 10.

It is remarkable that the very same doctrine, in this respect, with that of the apostles, is maintained by the most eminent of the ancient heathen moral philosophers. A man cannot, according to Aristotle (Eth. Nicom. b. vi), be said, in the strictest sense, to possess *one* virtue and to be destitute of the rest; since the principle which he calls right-reason [*phronesis*], on which a truly virtuous man acts, must extend to *every* point of duty.

### § 5. *Consistency.*

Whatever principle, then, or system of conduct, you lay down as morally right, you should go through with it and follow it out consistently, without making arbitrary exceptions according to your own taste and convenience. It might indeed be said that, strictly speaking, *any* fault, however small, is an "inconsistency" in a man whose life

is on the whole virtuous. But what we mean when we speak of an inconsistent character is, that his *course of life* is inconsistent. It might be said, in like manner, that *every single weed* in a cultivated field, or in a whole farm, is an "inconsistency;" and yet you would hardly find, even among the best kept farms, any one that had not a single weed. But a farmer would then, and then only, be reckoned inconsistent, if he attended carefully to one portion of his crops, and left another to be spoiled through neglect; or if he sowed one half of a field with wheat, and the other half with thistles and rag-weed.

Act, therefore, *throughout*, on whatever principle you have adopted as right; or, if to do so would lead to something wrong or absurd, you should take this as a proof that the principle itself which you had adopted must be erroneous, and requires to be changed. But a person who does fairly follow out even an erroneous rule of conduct, which he has mistaken for a right one, is in a fair way to discover in time his own mistake. And, moreover, he is deserving of less blame than one who (as the phrase is) "plays fast and loose" with his principle; acting on it in one case, and laying it aside in another, just as suits his inclination.

If, for instance, you are fully convinced that such precepts as "Resist not evil," etc., are to be taken literally and strictly as forbidding all self-defence, then you should make a point of never resorting to the aid of law, or of any magistrate, officer of law, or civil governor of any kind. For it is plain that all human laws and human government must rest ultimately on physical force. The ruler "beareth not the sword in vain," but "is ordained for the punishment of evil doers." A law that should merely *exhort* men to pay their just debts, but should denounce no penalty for non-payment, nor be supported by any power of arrest or seizure of goods, would be a mere jest. On the above principle, therefore, you would be bound to leave it to the choice of your tenants and other debtors whether they should pay you or not. Nor would it be allowable for you to call in the police to help you against robbers. For it would be absurd to pretend, that though it is a sin to employ force *yourself*, it is no sin to *employ others* to do it for you.

#### § 6. Men apt to trust in one supposed Virtue.

It is worth remarking here, by the way, that none are so likely to fall into the error noticed in a former Lesson, of thinking to deserve and earn reward by the supposed merit of their good works, as those who consider each (so-called) virtue to be a separate habit; and that they may and do practise some one or two virtues, on which they rely and pride themselves. They trust to these as not only compensating for all failures in other points, but as entitling them to reward. For a man is called "an artist" (as was observed just above) who is master of any one art; and a tailor, for instance, may say, "I know nothing about cultivating the land, or building houses; those matters are no business of mine; making clothes is my trade, and that is enough; it is by that I *earn my living*." And a carpenter or a smith, etc., might say the like. And so also those who altogether

mistake the whole nature of moral virtue, consider that a man may, in like manner, be considered virtuous who practises any one virtue. To guard against such a mistake, it is best to avoid the kind of language that leads to it, and instead of speaking of several distinct virtues, to say that there are so many distinct *branches of duty*; and that virtue consists in earnestly setting one's self to the performance of *every duty*.

#### ZERMATT, AND HOW TO GET THERE.

A RIVAL to Chamounix! Ay, and a rival that will attract the rush of summer visitors as soon as its beauties are known. Every wearied child of toil who could command three weeks and thirty pounds has hurried away from the loaded atmosphere of England to the clear, bright, inspiring air of the snow mountains. In his own land he has found forgetfulness impossible. Letters, the "Times," and familiar faces, pursue him even to the lakes and highlands of Scotia. Everything reminds him of the city, the warehouse, or the study. He cannot get rid of the burden, and he returns to business only half refreshed. But away to the continent, and all is new. The language is strange, the houses have a peculiar aspect, the mode of living is unusual; all things tend to fix the mind on present objects; even nature herself, whether in the smiling plains of *La Belle France*, or the sublime majesty of the Alps, or the soft luxury of Italian landscapes, appears different to the accustomed scenes of home. Hitherto, the tourist has taken the Bernese Oberland, and exulted in the sunrise from the Righi; or, from the summit of the Wenger Alp, has listened with awe to the roar of the avalanche on the Jungfrau. And then he has found his way to Mont Blanc, has mounted the Montenvert to gaze upon the Mer-de-Glace, and if he has been wise he has crossed the *ponts*, passed over the yawning crevasses of the glacier, and climbed to the Jardin, where he has sat amid virgin whiteness that foot of man or chamois never yet defiled. These spots have become household words amongst us. Zermatt will one day be known as well, and will excite recollections of equal if not of greater delight. A fortnight will give ample time to see its glories, to those who have no occasion to pause on the way.

Starting from London at night, we reached Paris in thirteen hours by the postal service. The tidal service promised to bring us back in the same time; but never was promise more scandalously broken. The delay at the custom-house at Folkestone was a disgrace to the business habits of England. The officers were not to blame. They were diligent and courteous, but they are too few, and the accommodation is too contracted. We started from Paris at nine in the morning, and we did not reach London Bridge till past twelve at night. This bit of grumbling by the way.

As we were tolerably acquainted with the French capital and its various objects of interest, we only stayed the day to look in upon the French Exhibition. Had we never seen the Crystal Palace at Hyde Park, and had not our eyes become accustomed to the magnificent spaces of the Sydenham building, we should have been struck with admira-



VIEW ON THE ZERMATT.

tion at the Gallic imitation. As it was, it appeared to us small, crowded, and—dare it be said?—insignificant. From Paris, by express train to Strasbourg, through the plains of Eperney, where we taste champagne such as we are strangers to in England; and from Strasbourg to Basle, while the sun sets behind the beautiful range of the Vosges mountains, is the work of one day. We stay not at Basle, though on the banks of the “mighty and exulting river,” and though its old ramparts form such grateful walks; but we take the diligence the next morning to Berne. The day is fine, and we have obtained seats in the lofty *banquette*, and thus secure a commanding view. What a ride it is! Through valleys broader, deeper, and more wooded than our own lovely vale from Chepstow to Monmouth; over plains whose richness of fertility rejoice the heart; while on the horizon, peering above the silvery clouds, are the sharp peaks and whiter snows of the Jungfrau and her sisters. Berne itself is beautiful for situation, and grotesque for its bears; but we only pause here to change diligences, and away to Thun. The sun was near his going down as we rattled through its quaint old narrow streets. We immediately sprang up the steep pathway to the churchyard, from whence a good view can be obtained. There was the foaming river gushing from the lake, which spread in calm beauty to the

foot of the mountain which girdled it, and beyond which rose in majesty the bloomless Alp. We were in time to witness the golden glory with which his snows were tinged; gradually it faded into a light pink, and at last subsided into the deathlike pallor that seems to cast a chill over the heart. The next day we took a private carriage. Our route lay for some time by the banks of the lake, and in the nearer presence of the mountain, which afforded an opportunity of marking all its indentations. As we left it behind, we came in view of another called Athel. Gazing upon this—for the wooded ridges upon either side seem to lose all power to charm when a snowy peak terminates the view—we mounted upwards and upwards still, to Kanderstag, where we halted for the night at a decent inn honoured with the name of Victoria. The evening set in with clouds and rain; but there is never any want of amusement to an observer of mankind in a foreign hotel, especially in the Alpine regions. A German family furnished us with much amusement and a little annoyance. It consisted of a grave papa, three comely daughters, and a particularly round-faced brother. At dinner, utterly regardless of what others might think, they kept up incessant volleys of gutturals, which they seemed to fling at one another with surprising fierceness. The young ladies, unfortunately, slept in the room next to ours, and as the



partition was only a thin plank of pine, we were compelled to listen to their uproar. Such a cataract of words is not often heard. Sleep was impossible. We tapped at the wall to remind them that there were others in existence beside themselves; gently at first, but, as that was unheeded, more loudly, and yet found it difficult to make a sound superior to their din. Young ladies, however, cannot talk for ever, and even these energetic performers sunk into silence, and we to sleep. The next morning horses and guides were in requisition for the pass of the Gemmi. Up we mounted an almost perpendicular path through a dense forest. Then we crossed a kind of table land, where a lake seems once to have spread its waters, but which now affords pasture for the cattle. On every side there bloomed about us, in richest profusion, the wild flowers which adorn these lofty regions. The Alpine rose, a diminutive rhododendron, the harebell, the gentian, the pansy, the forget-me-not, and a thousand other brilliant little beauties, form a mosaic work of crimson and gold and purple and blue on the green sward. At last, after some more heavy climbing, which brought us to the base of a glacier whose name we know not, we dismounted from our horses and began the descent. It was indeed stupendous. The mountain on this side is composed of perpendicular rock piled in monstrous masses one above the other. On the side, a zig-zag path has been carved with immense labour. It runs in parts in the cleft of the rock, and while you can scarcely see the bottom, you can almost touch the opposite side. As we descended, we met some guides returning. They were merry fellows and strong. They congratulated us on making the pass of the Gemmi. We murmured something about the steepness and difficulty of the path. "Ah, sir," said one, "it is a promenade. Had you seen it fifteen years ago, you might have complained. It was then something for a man to boast of having done; but now it's quite a promenade." And the honest fellows, in the joy of their hearts, sprung upwards, singing, in the peculiar falsetto which best suits these regions, snatches of songs which awoke the echoes. We heard them far above us as we wended our way downward and downward still. Our knees trembled as we reached the Leuke des Bains, where we were fain to rest. While waiting for a *char-à-banc* to convey us onward, we strolled into the public bath, for which the village is remarkable. Let no one pass it without a visit, for neither he nor his children after him will ever see such a sight in England. The bath is sufficiently spacious to hold a large number of patients. Each one is clad in a black gown, and under his chin is a little wooden table, which he shoves before him as he moves about. Men and women spend many an hour in this watery purgatory. Some strive to amuse themselves with books, and some even venture upon chess; but all look melancholy and disconsolate, and appear more like slimy things as they glide about, than like terrestrial animals of the human species. From the baths we descend a magnificent mountain gorge. As we advance, the valley of the Rhone, for which we are bound, opens upon us. We saw it at a happy moment. The sun was near his setting. The strong and rushing water sparkled like polished steel, while the mountains on either side

were bathed in light. That evening we rested at Courtmagne, in an inn which can be strongly recommended for its cleanliness and comfort.

And now for Zermatt. Two hours' riding, the next morning, brought us to Visp—a village at the entrance of the gorge we were about to ascend. Here, manifestations of the destructive earthquake, which a few weeks before had shaken the valley, and still slightly continued its shocks, began to exhibit themselves. The inn was a wreck. Many of the houses had their walls thrown to the ground, and the whole interior exposed. The churches were rent. That at St. Nicholas afforded a melancholy picture. The ceiling lay in heaps upon the floor. The roof gaped apart one side from the other. The organ pipes were flung one upon another, in inextricable confusion. The altars were displaced, and the images seemed to reel against the wall like drunken men. The thought naturally arose: thus shall the whole system be destroyed. Popery has been built up for ages, cemented with skill, adorned with the highest art. It even now lifts itself up with more than its former pride and arrogance. But its end is not far distant. Earthquake and tempest amongst nations will lay it low. The first shocks have been already felt. The future will follow in quick succession. From these scenes and thoughts it was a relief to turn to sublime heights, which rose on either side, shutting in the valley from the noisy world, and revealing but a strip of the heavens, which become more intensely blue as the space is narrowed. Then there were the rocking pines, which lay hold of every crevice, and clothe the otherwise too savage rocks with a solemn beauty. Then there was the stream, roaring below as it rushed on in cascades from one boulder and another which formed its bed. For nine long hours did we traverse the winding path, through this wondrous blending of the sublime and beautiful. In many places the way was dangerous, owing to the falling of the mountain. Some parts that were solid and safe as we ascended, had slipped away, and left only falling *débris* as we came back. But whatever the apparent danger, he has no reason to fear who is mounted on an Alpine mule. Every traveller has realised the truth of the description given by the polished Rogers:—

"He was not dull nor contradictory,  
But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,  
Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,  
Snorting suspicion, while with sight, smell, touch,  
Trying, detecting where the surface smiled,  
And with deliberate courage sliding down,  
Where in his sledge the Laplander had turned  
With looks agast."

As the evening closed, we drew near the head of the valley. The hotel and village were backed by a glacier, whose green fissures were distinctly visible; and a field of snow beyond it, terminated the view. The cold of the atmosphere rendered additional clothing necessary, and we no longer refused the eider down covering of the beds, with which we had previously dispensed. The morning sun was hidden behind the mountain mists, yet we determined in hope to mount to the Reiffelburgh. Onward we went up almost perpendicular pathways. Still the vapours hung about the summits, or moved lazily along, like the wings of some

guardian spirit seeking its resting-place after a weary flight. Arrived at the little refuge for travellers built on the top of the ascent, the cold was still more intense, and the snow fell in thick flakes. It was curious, in the midst of a warm summer, to be rubbing our chilled hands over a wooden fire that refused to burn. Notwithstanding the weather, we pushed on to the point of view, and were not unrewarded. Now and then the vapours would part and disclose the masses of fair white snow, which they were veiling from our view. And, as they assumed at the point of contact the whiteness they were concealing, the snow seemed to be a boundless sea, spreading away into the infinite.

As we could not use our eyes to our full satisfaction, we employed our voices. We uttered the names of those dear to us in England, and echo after echo, fuller and more faint, gave us back the sounds.

They who wish to see snow mountains should not hurry away because the weather seems unfavourable. The changes are rapid in these lofty elevations, and if to-day be wet, to-morrow may see the sun shining in his strength. Thus it was with ourselves. The next morning was brightness itself. Cheered in spirits, we started for the Schwartzén. Our way passed through fine old groves of pine, which had grown to the size of giants. As we ascended, we were perpetually refreshed with peeps of the snow tops which came successively into view. Some three hours brought us to the point for which we were bound; but no pen can convey the impression of the scene. The mules were turned adrift; our limbs were stretched at their ease upon a mossy sward. On the right hand shot up into the sky the stupendous rock of the Mount Cervin. So steep are its sides that even the freezing snow can find no hold. It is alone in its rugged glory. At our feet lay a fair unspotted glacier, free from the imperfection of the dark morain. Above it, a field of snow swelled gently on the horizon. As the eye followed its course, to the left there rose the mass of the Brighthorne, and then a valley, within which lay the twins that bear the name of Castor and Pollux; and then the Lys, succeeded by another depression, and then the magnificent elevations of the Monte Rosa. The attraction amounted to a fascination. Although the eyes prickled at the glaring light, and the face began to blister, it was impossible not to look. Admiration increased as the mind by degrees became conscious of the stupendous size of the mountains which were thus crowned with their sparkling diadem. We lingered for some hours on the spot, and then wound around the base of the pillar of the Cervin to catch further varieties of the still varying crystallizations. Whoever wishes to enjoy the rapture of such scenes without any special labour, need not traverse on foot the Mer-de-Glace to sit in the retired bay of the Jardin; for a mule will carry him at Zermatt to more extended views of the Alpine summits than any he can obtain at one glance from the stand-points of Mont Blanc. Other excursions may be made of a more difficult character; but, if time is short, these will have been enough; and returning to Visp, the diligence may be taken to Vevay; a steam-boat will thence bear the traveller across the lake to Geneva,

and a few days will suffice to reach Old England again.

For ourselves, we went up the valley of the Saas, which is still more splendid than Zermatt; thence we climbed on foot over the snows of the Monte Mero to Macugnaga, at the foot of Monte Rosa; then we passed through the Val Anasasca, the most lovely of any we had as yet seen. From it we emerged on the high way of the Simplon, and prolonged our route to the superb Genoa. Enough, however, has been said to make our readers acquainted with the possibility of reaching the noblest scenes of Europe in a short time, and there is no necessity of traversing other ground which has frequently been described before.

### SOME REMARKABLE BIRDS.

#### FIRST PAPER.

THERE are among the feathered race certain species which, as exceptions to the general rule, do not incubate, that is, brood over and hatch their own eggs. We may here allude to our European cuckoo. The same observation applies to the true cuckoos of Australia, Asia generally, and of Africa, but not to the cuckoos of America. In this latter region, a species of starling-finch (the cow-bunting) represents, as far as this circumstance goes, the cuckoos of the old world, and, like them, deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds, especially those of a little bird called the Maryland yellow-throat.

This little bird, which frequents the deep humid thickets of the United States, places its nest low down in the midst of a close thicket of briars; it is domed or arched over, with a small orifice in the side for entrance and exit, and, moreover, for the introduction of the egg of the bunting, (for she only imposes one upon each nest,) which is effected by dropping it from her beak. This egg, it would seem, is hatched before those of the cheated dupes, and as the young intruder demands immediate care and food, the other eggs are neglected, and the chicks which they contain necessarily perish. As the young bunting grows up, its foster-parents provide for it with great assiduity, and manifest all the care and anxiety towards it which they would otherwise have bestowed upon their own offspring.

But there are birds which do not incubate themselves, nor yet trust their eggs to the care of other species; and still they rear a numerous brood, and, at least for a certain period, watch over and guide them. It has been said that the ostrich leaves her eggs in the sand; and doubtless she does so for two or three hours at a time during the heat of the day, the temperature of the surrounding sand being sufficient for all needful purposes during her absence. But the birds to which we allude differ in their proceedings from all other species of the feathered race. They stand alone in the art of saving themselves labour, by the adoption of a scientific process—a process conducted with admirable skill and unerring precision. Long before M. Réaumur, the great French *savant*, had tried the experiment of hatching eggs in a hot-bed—long before

the invention of the eccaleobion—even before the hatching ovens of Egypt were put into operation—had these birds, natives of a distant region, been taught by instinct the art of making hot-beds of a nicely regulated temperature, in the centre of which they deposited their eggs, and left them covered up, assured that in due time the young would make their appearance. The birds in question are the brush turkey, or wattled talegalla, the mound-making megapode, and the ocellated leipoa.

These remarkable birds are the representatives of a family spread over Australia, New Guinea, the Celebes, and the Philippine Islands; they are allied closely to the gallinaceous group, though they much resemble the rails in their mode of flight. The eggs which they lay are of very large dimensions: those of the talegalla equal the eggs of the pelican, and are smooth and white; while those of the megapode and leipoa are covered with a sort of incrustation or chalky layer, which is readily removed from the true shell beneath. The reason for the extraordinary magnitude of these eggs is evident; they are destined to imprison and afford nutriment to the chick, till it has grown to a comparatively large size and acquired great strength. When it breaks the shell, it emerges clad in perfect, full-grown feathers, and works its way from the centre through the substance of the mound, till it emerges from its dark tomb into the light of day. The feet of these birds are also of immense size and strength, and are furnished with strong claws, well adapted for scratching up the earth; the wings are rounded, and the power of flight comparatively feeble.

When, after his return from Australia, Mr. Gould communicated to the world the plan adopted by these hot-bed-making birds for hatching their eggs, his account was received by many with incredulity, and even contradicted by persons who had lived in Australia, but had never before heard of such a thing. The truth of Mr. Gould's statement, however, has since been abundantly proved by travellers; and what is more, the talegalla, or brush turkey, has bred in the gardens of the Zoological Society. A pair there began by constructing a great mound of vegetable matters and earth, using their large strong feet alone, both in the collection and arrangement of the materials. Their plan was to scrape a quantity of "stuff" together, and throw it backwards to a common centre, till the mound was deemed complete. In this hot-bed (for hot it became by fermentation) the eggs were deposited, and covered up deeply; and in due time the young, active and vigorous, came forth. In its native wilds in eastern Australia, the talegalla associates in small companies, which unite their labour in the construction of a common mound, resorted to for several years in succession, a fresh supply of materials being added every season, till it becomes of great magnitude. The eggs are planted at a depth of from two to three feet, and not side by side, as is ordinarily the case, but separately, at a distance of ten or twelve inches from each other, perfectly upright, with the large end topmost. In this position they are

carefully covered up and left, although the females, as the natives state, are constantly in the neighbourhood of the heap about the time the young are likely to be hatched. "I have been credibly informed," says Mr. Gould, "both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and, as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after." The heat of the bed is from 90 to 95 degrees of Fahrenheit. The eggs are of a long oval form, about four inches in length.

The talegalla is shy and reclusive in its habits, and wanders in small companies through the dense brush. When disturbed, it eludes pursuit by running through the tangled thickets, where it seeks concealment. The native wild dog, or dingo, is one of its greatest enemies, and when hard pressed by this destructive animal, "the whole company spring upon the lowermost bough of some neighbouring tree, and by a succession of leaps from branch to branch, ascend to the top, and either perch there or fly off to another part of the brush. They are also in the habit of resorting to the branches of trees as a shelter from the mid-day sun—a peculiarity that greatly tends to their destruction, as the sportsman is enabled not only to take certain aim, but to repeat his shots, for they will sit to be fired at until they are all brought down; as will also the ruffed grouse of America. Unless some measures be adopted for their preservation, this circumstance must lead to an early extinction of the race—an event much to be regretted, since, independently of its being an interesting bird for the aviary, its flesh is exquisitely tender, delicate, and juicy."

While stalking about in the brush, these birds utter a rather loud clucking noise, and, like the common fowl, are fond of dusting and cleaning their plumage, and thus make depressions in the earth, as was often observed by Mr. Gould, to whom the natives explained their use and cause.

Recluse as is the talegalla, it is nevertheless easily domesticated; and, as experiment proves that it will breed in our country, even under the disadvantages of confinement, it might probably become naturalised, and so prove a valuable addition to the denizens of the poultry yard and homestead. The male talegalla is about the size of a small turkey, to which, in general form, and in the naked carunculated skin of the neck, it bears a great resemblance. The female is less than the male.

The talegalla, or brush turkey, is abundant at present on the dense brush of Manning and Clarence, and in the scrubby gulleys among the lower hills that branch off from the great range into the interior. It tenants also the Brezi range to the north of the Liverpool plains, and is plentiful on all the hills on both sides of the Namoi, where it is termed "weelah" by the aborigines. Brush and scrubby forests are its usual haunts, and its range is extensive.

From this account of the talegalla we turn to the other mound-makers, which are quite as singular as is the present in their habits and economy. Of these, we shall first take the leipoa into consideration in a subsequent number.



## THE RAG MARKET OF PARIS.

NEAR the Rue du Temple, on the site of the ancient Temple, stands the rag market of Paris. One word must be allowed us on the subject of the Temple before we deal with the rags. The order of the Templars was first founded at Jerusalem, during the crusades of the eleventh century. The six monks who at first were the only members of the order, came to Europe in 1128 to make proselytes. Settling in Paris, they soon acquired a large space of ground, then of comparatively little value, in the faubourg named after the Temple, which they erected, and which they made one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. On account of its strength, this fortress was used as the depository of the treasures of the kings of France whenever they left home on a foreign expedition. In the course of a century the order became exceedingly rich, and, according to the custom in those times, began to abuse their power and prerogatives. Their haughtiness and turbulence grew with their wealth, and at length increased to such a pitch, that Philippe le Bel suppressed their order in 1312, putting many of them to the torture, and burning two of them alive. As a matter of course he seized their possessions; but he made over a part of them to the brethren of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, who became the knights of Malta. He retained the old stronghold for political purposes, and it remained standing through succeeding centuries down to our own day. The immediate precincts having been ecclesiastical property, had the privilege of sanctuary, and became the refuge of debtors, rogues, and even of assassins, from the grasp of the law. For their accommodation hotels were erected and pleasure grounds laid out, where an equivocal sort of gentry, who wished to avoid arrest, took up their abode. In 1566 Jacques de Souvré built the palace of the grand prior of the order of Malta; this building having fallen into decay, was restored in 1721, but the order being abolished towards the close of the century, the palace passed into private hands, and at length, after undergoing a variety of fortunes, was finally pulled down in 1853, and the place on which it stood planted with trees.

The heavy square tower, flanked with four turrets, which constituted the original stronghold, is best known to us as the prison in which the unhappy Louis XVI and his family were confined in 1792, and from which he departed only to ascend the scaffold. Subsequently the same prison received Sir Sidney Smith, who had the address to escape from it in disguise; the unfortunate hero, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who perished the victim of Napoleon's bad faith; and the generals Moreau and Pichegru. Whether Napoleon bore any malice against the stone walls which could not hold Sir Sidney Smith, we need not inquire, but he had the old tower pulled down, and in 1809 converted a good portion of the site of the ancient temple into the present *Marché du Vieux Linge*, or rag market.

And truly, of all the rag markets that ever were conceived, this unique assemblage of diminutive bazaars presents the most astonishing specimen. When we say that there are 1888 different shops,

each under the direction of different proprietors—all of precisely the same dimensions, and all huddled together in a space that measures exactly 580 feet in length by 250 in breadth—some idea may be formed of this strange nucleus of traffic. At a little distance, the whole has an aspect not very dissimilar to one vast area of sheep-pens in a cattle-market under cover, and it does not appear by what means a customer is to make his way through them. On approaching, however, we discover that the little shops stand in blocks of four each, so that each presents two of its sides to the public. Between each block of four shops runs a narrow passage less than three feet in width, and along these, those who come to buy or sell have to proceed. It is impossible to pass another person without jostling and being jostled, but at the same time, so numerous are these thin avenues that it is easy to step aside in one of them and make way for an advancing stranger. Right in the centre of this odd establishment stands the office of the superintendent, to whom is confided the surveillance of the whole concern, and who can at any time overlook a good part of it through the windows of his bureau, which face in every direction. From the bureau proceed four wide and convenient avenues dividing the whole market into four equal parts, to which different departments of the rag trade are allotted. They are denominated respectively the *Palais Royal*, the *Carré*, the *Carré Neuf*, and the *Fôret Noir*, or Black Forest.

On entering the quarter of the *Palais Royal*, which is that to which we happen first to turn, all our prepossessions and prejudices on the score of rags are suddenly put to flight. Instead of rags, we find every shop crammed to overflowing with all that is beautiful and tasteful in ladies' attire—silk and satin dresses, charming little bonnets of the newest fashion, caps without number, and artificial flowers, delicate and spotless and rich in all the hues of the rainbow. The bonnets alone, all apparently in the newest mode, are an innumerable multitude, and as we pause in admiration of their brilliant arrangement and colour, a well-dressed damsel steps forth, and, seizing us by the button, demands, "*Qu'est ce que vous cherchez, monsieur?*" (What are you looking for, sir?) "Step in if you please—let me sell you a handsome bonnet for your good lady or your little daughter;" and we are compelled to put ourselves in motion to escape her solicitation. But we have scarcely gone ten yards, when another bars the narrow way with outspread arms, and half singing, half saying, "*Achetez quelque-chose de moi, M'sieu.*" (Buy something of me, sir), points to her little shop, the stock of which consists mainly of bracelets, neck-chains, hair-pins, cameos, and the requisites of the toilet. On our assuring her that we do not come to buy, she lets us pass; but a few yards farther on we find ourselves in the kingdom of parasols: and though it could hardly be expected that a gentleman of our years would be equal to a bargain in such articles, yet are we solicited to buy a parasol quite equal to new, from more than one polite saleswoman, who assures us that, beautiful as they are, we may have them for next to nothing. We have come rather early, and as yet business is not very brisk;



but here and there a lively young Frenchwoman is cheapening a new bonnet, or a new shawl, or trying on a pair of gloves, or holding a glossy silk up to the light, or matching a gay ribbon, with the aid of the mirror, to the hues of her own complexion. Then there are one or two matronly looking personages, evidently mothers of families, who have come to recruit the wardrobes of their children, and who are stolidly overhauling the stocks of upper and under garments, with a knowing pertinacity in discovering their weak points, and remorseless candour in exposing them to the shopkeeper.

"That's a spot of grease," says one discriminating dame.

"Pardon me, madame," replies the saleswoman, with the gentlest suavity of voice and manner; "a stain of coffee, I admit—nothing more, and you see it is concealed by the flounce—*ça n'importe*—but, say fifteen francs instead of sixteen."

"Twelve," says the matron in a decisive tone.

"I shall not debate with you, madame—I would prefer to lose my profit; it is yours—I look upon you as a friend."

We can but admire the ceremonious politeness that prevails. It is the same everywhere, whoever may be the contracting parties; the poor market-woman in search of a new handkerchief to bind around her brows, is treated with the same deference and assiduous attention as the rich tradesman's wife or the wine-seller's daughter. Did we not know beforehand that the whole mass of the brilliant properties before us is second-hand ware, which has already shed its virgin bloom in the social circles of the upper classes, we must confess that we should hardly have suspected that fact from the condition in which it is offered for sale. The art of revivification must be perfectly well understood by these ingenious dealers in cast-off finery, who almost rival the fashionable *modistes* of the West-End in the fanciful display of their goods.

In the Carré Neuf we encounter still more millinery, but of a humbler and more decidedly second-hand description, suited to the wants of a humbler class. The bulk of the stock in this quarter is, however, of a less showy and more substantial kind, consisting of domestic linen, table-cloths, towels, sheets, bed-furniture, drapery and hangings, and curtains of various descriptions. Moreover, the costume of the shopkeepers differs as much from that of those in the Palais Royal as do the wares they sell. Their stocks of goods are heavier and more massive, and nearly block out the light from some of the small cells in which they are crammed almost as in a packing-case. These wares are, doubtless, tempting to those who stand in need of them, but their flimsiness and shabby inferiority to the British stuffs appropriated to similar purposes impress us with a notion of their worthlessness which we find it difficult to get rid of. They are in demand, however, even more than the charming fashions we have just left, especially the bed furniture, which may have been at a premium lately, in consequence of the daily increasing influx of strangers. Mattresses and beds, down pillows and bolsters, blankets and counterpanes, piled in solid heaps, shut out the light of day from the narrow cells, in which the

proprietor has scarcely more room to move than a snail in his shell; while ever and anon dealers are coming in with loads of fresh goods on their shoulders, and depositing them on the overloaded counters. There are the symptoms of a lively trade visible and audible around us; and as everybody is tempted to furnish who has an apartment to spare, and this is the place to do it cheaply, the shopkeepers are all on the alert, and one may see by the expression of their faces that their prospects are looking up.

We have but to step across the central avenue, and we are in the Carré, where affairs put on a different aspect. Here, if you like, we come into contact with something in the shape of rags, yet not altogether past the stage of usefulness. Old sheets, which may invite the weary workman yet once more to repose, or shall be cut up for the manufacture of lint and paper—old curtains and scraps of towelling—remnants of faded carpeting—sheep-skin mats, decayed ottomans, inky table-covers, and done-up embroidery—all these things, and a hundred more besides, are mingled together, oddly enough, with every conceivable utensil of the kitchen and the scullery. Pots and pans, trays, waiters and salvers, in brass, in copper, in tin, in iron, in plated metal, in bell-metal, and mixed metals of all hues, in metal glazed with earthenware, and in earthenware without any metal at all. There is the urn, the spirit-lamp kettle, the kettle ordinary, the tea-pot in ten thousand shapes, the coffee-pot in as many, drinking goblets a multitude, knives, forks, spoons, grills, gridirons, frying and frizzling pans of all shapes, deep as a basin or shallow as an oyster-shell, and of all diameters from that of fifteen inches to that of five. In addition to these, there are a multitude of those ingenious machines in the contrivance of which the French are so clever, and which make every man his own cook, and enable him to carry his own kitchen under his arm wherever he chooses—machines which will grill a chop, boil a stew, bake a pie, steam the potatoes, simmer the soup and make the coffee—and all at the expense of two or three lumps of charcoal which cost less than a farthing—machines which, strange to say, though they are among the neatest contrivances in the world, are sure to find their way to this *omnium gatherum* depository before their virtues have been tested by a dozen experiments. There they stand in the glory of polished brass and steel, and imitative silver and gold, shaming by their refulgence the sooty complexions of their rusty and battered associates.

"Does Monsieur desire any article for the kitchen this morning?—stew-pans—a neat stove for the bed-room? Be at the trouble to mention what you seek. I shall have the happiness of serving you well. Linen for domestic use—"

We are scarcely out of the range of this *batterie de cuisine* when we are under fire from another.

"Give yourself the trouble to enter, Monsieur; you will find everything you desire within. I execute every species of order in connection with the kitchen and the cook. Confide your wishes to me. I send in every article in its integrity, and it is not known that one ever objects to my prices"—and so on.

We have a notion that there is a definite amount

of truth in what this good man says, for his magazine is a perfect hive of kitchen curiosities and devices of all conceivable forms—numbers of them familiar to us through such accidental experience as we all unavoidably meet with, but the majority of them of a description perfectly novel to us, and of the uses of which we can form only a remote conception. We pass him with a bow, which he politely returns, and, solitary traveller as we are, pursue our way to the Black Forest.

The Black Forest, be it known, is the sombre realm—we had almost said the sepulchre—of old leather and old iron. Shoes, boots, slippers, dancing pumps, in all stages of mouldy dilapidation—wrecks of old harness and horse wrappings—abandoned leather aprons and overalls—old chair and sofa cases—fragments of old folio book covers—straps, belts, and travelling bags—coach aprons, and linings void of their padding—parlour mats worn bald—coils of rotten hose—spatterdashes, shoulder-guards and leggings; such are a few of the objects which, heaped in heterogeneous masses, lie stacked in piles around us. Here the gaping soles of a gone pair of aristocratic boots hang suspended in the loop of a decayed horse-collar; there a pair of gouty slippers, bulging in frayed morocco, served as sarcophagi to a brace of the neatest pumps, in which the tiny feet of childhood tripped on some birth-day *fête*. From the mass of lumber destined for whatever ultimate purposes old leather can be applied to, all that can possibly fulfil one more career of usefulness—and much, we suspect, that cannot—is carefully selected, and by dint of cobbling, and stopping, and sophisticating with wax-end and heel-ball, and furbishing and polishing up, is again prepared for the market, and offered for sale. So there are rows and ranks without end of boots and half-boots, of shoes, and bluchers, and ankle-jacks, that lace, and tie, and button, and that do neither; and they may be had in all conditions, from serviceable articles with two or three good months of life in them yet, down to the patent, but not patented, ventilators which allow the toes of the pedestrian to look out upon society and enjoy the variations of the weather.

Together with the old leather; but also carefully separated from it, lies the old iron, which exists in forms, if possible, still more diversified. The contents of what is called a marine-store shop in London will give the reader a fair notion of what he will meet with here. There are the same collections of old nails, old keys, old tools, old iron hoops and bars, old chains, old pipes and old fire-irons, which last-named implements, by the way, cut a very puny figure—the poker being comparable to a stair-rod, the shovel to a moderate-sized gravy spoon, and the tongs, so far as size is concerned, having an equal right to figure in the sugar-basin as in the fender. The fireside in France is not the “institution” it is at home.

Emerging from the Black Forest, we proceed eastward towards the Rotunda; but to get thither we have to pass an open space of ground, which this morning happens to be crowded with a mixed assemblage of traffickers doing business in the open air, and in a style which we suspect few Englishmen have ever witnessed. This area between the Rag Market and the Rotunda is in fact nothing more or less than an old clothes exchange.

The crowd through which we have to make our way, consists of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people of both sexes, among whom we notice several mere boys and girls, every individual of whom is loaded more or less heavily with the cast-off habiliments of the male sex. Here is a man sweating under the burden of a couple of dozen coats, the sleeves of which embrace him round the throat, while their backs and multiform tails hang in front of his breast. There is a girl with a score of pantaloons of all colours, their waists forming a mountainous cape upon her shoulders, and the legs crossed on her bosom. Then there is an old dame who displays on her ample person the hues of fifty different waistcoats; while another is stuck about with an odd collection of hats, caps, “casquettes,” and wide-awakes. Some confine themselves to one particular article, and others, with more extensive views, comprehend the garments of the whole man. All are declaiming and gesticulating, with an earnestness and vivacity which give a characteristic interest to the scene. Each overhauls his fellow's stock, and submits his own to inspection with the utmost frankness. An evident cordiality prevails through the whole circle, and the clatter of tongues is enlivened with many a humorous joke and repartee: the liveliness, however, does not interfere with business, and, as we stand and look on the throng for a few moments, we notice that a large portion of the stock changes hands by way of barter, and that sundry sales are effected among a group of workmen in blouses who have come to the cheap market. As far as we can see, very few of these people are Hebrews, though they pursue a traffic which with us is monopolised by Jews alone.

The Rotunda, as its name implies, is a circular building. It was originally built for the tradesmen who supplied the prisoners and refugees of the Temple with the necessities or luxuries of life, and it is composed entirely of shops in a series of arcades, the front ones sheltered by a projecting roof. When the Temple was destroyed, the Rotunda was destined to become a part of the Rag Market, and of this, in fact, it may be considered to form a fifth department. It is devoted exclusively, with the exception of a few small portions set apart as provision and wine shops, to the commerce in second-hand military clothing and accoutrements. It is beyond all question the most curious museum of the whole five, and the most suggestive. Here are the uniforms, or the fragments of uniforms, of every regiment that has ever mustered on the soil of France since the fall of the old *régime*, and of every grade in the regiment, too, from that of the poor private up to the commander-in-chief. Here, we have a notion, might be found the identical rags in which the bare-footed patriots of the revolution thrashed the foreigner on the frontier, before Napoleon came and covered their naked valour with decent broad-cloth. Here is the redoubtable cocked hat which haunted the dreams of Prussia for years after the battle of Jena; and here, too, is that three-cornered mystery which we remember to have seen burnt on the head of a straw-stuffed effigy a dozen times in days of yore, when the name of “Boney” was a terror to the lieges of George III. Here are shakoes without number, sword-belts, epaulettes, scarlet

tufts, military chests, red coats, blue coats, green coats, buff coats, white coats, yellow coats, and brown coats, with any amount of buttons you like upon them in big embossed brass. Here are braided jackets, gold-laced jackets, frogged jackets, and jackets of no note or respectability whatever. Here are trowsers of all colours, for long-legged men or men with short legs—of canvass, of leather, or of kerseymere—braided and striped, or varnished, or plain. Here are alps of knapsacks and pouches and canteens, and pyramids of gaiters and gloves and old sashes. In short, here is a chaos of the wrecks of the barrack, the drill, the review, and the battle-field—all doomed, after the overturning of empires and dynasties, to supplement the profits of the rag-shop, and to descend from the heights of military glory to the bathos of "Fifteenpence, your honour, for the cocked hat." And, what is more than all, here is the history of France revolutionary, consular, imperial, vanquished, restored, and revolutionary again; here it is, for those who have the wit to read it, in fifty thousand memorials of those whom the world has decreed shall be the makers of history, and whose old clothes, it too often happens, are the only legacies of any value which they leave behind them. Some wayward thoughts flit across our mind as we turn away from the site of the old Temple. We image to ourselves the enthusiasm of the first crusading monks; the wealth and turbulence of their successors; the savage tyranny of Philippe le Bel; the pomp and dignity of the old grand prior; the sufferings of poor Louis XVI; the anguish of Toussaint; the impassive cruelty of Napoleon; and, after all these, and on the spot that witnessed them all, the establishment of a kingdom of "shreds and tatters" and second-hand finery. And, in the mood which these thoughts give birth to, we almost wish for leave to erect a broad banner over the centre of the Rag Market, with a very legible "SIC TRANSIT" for a motto.

#### ATTEMPT TO DIG OUT A WOMBAT.

IN Howitt's "Two Years in Victoria," we have the following interesting account of an ineffectual attempt to secure possession of a wombat, by digging it out of the subterranean passages in which it conceals itself:—

Before leaving our creek, in the woods round which wombats abound, we determined to make a resolute attempt to dig one out. Though there are such numbers, neither last summer nor this have we been able to get sight of one. They appear amazingly cunning animals. They make their holes where the scrub is so high and thick that you cannot possibly get a glimpse of them during the moon-light nights, and night is the only time that they come out. Then they dig their holes so deep and to such a length that it is almost impossible to come at them. They make their holes so large that a good-sized boy might creep into them, but not a man, and these holes gradually descending to a depth of ten or twelve feet, proceed under ground for twenty or thirty yards. In the next place, they make their dens often near to each other, so that there are a sort

of subterranean villages of them, and most of them have two entrances, if not three, while some have holes communicating with their neighbours' dens. From these causes you may judge of the difficulty of coming at them.

I have mentioned to you the perpendicular circular holes which descend into them, dug by the natives. But how they dig these holes is a profound mystery to me. They are so narrow that no white man can stoop in them, and are commonly from eight to ten feet deep. How they manage either to dig these holes, or to throw the earth out of them, is amazing;—we could not do it. The only way that we can imagine is for them to crouch down and dig between their legs; for they can crouch in a much less compass than we can. But what a labour to dig in this manner through eight or ten feet of hard gravel! And then how they can contrive to keep the beast exactly under the hole that they dig, while it is doing! It is said that they set a child with a stick to hem in the animal, but when it has two or three outlets it would require two or three children.

As we had no black children, or white ones either, we were compelled to trust to our dogs. We sent them down, one at each end, and soon heard them furiously barking at the creature a long way under ground, while it kept up a constant low deep growl. We got Prin out, and then sent him in with a string tied to his leg, by which means we ascertained how far he was from us. The other end we stopped up, and then sank a hole down to where he appeared to be. We sank ten feet there. There, however, he was not, but had contrived to move himself a good way towards the other end, spite of the dogs, one of which we had sent in each way. We then sank another hole down to where he then was—ten feet again; but on getting down, he was not there either, but about halfway between our two holes. The dogs were still furious. Pincher, the bulldog, had a regular fight with him, and Prin repeatedly came out with mouthfuls of the wombat's hair. Before we could get our third hole down, night came on, and we barricaded him in, and left him. Had we left our hole open and dug a pitfall at its mouth, we should have been pretty sure of him. But we seemed so secure of him now, hemmed in between our two holes, that we were confident of his speedy capture in the morning. By that time, however, he had burrowed in a new direction, and that to the extent of twelve feet. Here our dogs from some cause refused to follow him, and on putting down a candle tied to a long stick to ascertain the reason, we found that the burrow was filled with choke-damp, (carbonic-acid gas,) which the dogs could not breathe.

The wombat had no doubt broke a way into an old run filled with this gas. From this old burrow he had made his escape, and so we gave up our pursuit of him, after having dug thirty feet in depth, and six feet by three in length after him through hard gravel. We came to the conclusion that it is useless to dig for a creature which digs as fast as you do, and that the only way is to trap him.



## Varieties.

**PEACE AT HOME.**—It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbour's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house; and a wife, as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy.

Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.—*Phillip.*

**COUNSELS TO PARENTS.**—Prayerless parents! your irreligion may prove your children's damnation. The time when God visited your family with a heavy stroke they were thoughtful for a season, but there was no church in your house to give a heavenly direction to that thoughtfulness, and it soon died away. That evening, when they came home from the sabbath school so serious, if you had been a pious father or mother, you would have taken your boy aside, and spoken tenderly to him, and asked what his teacher had been telling him, and you would have prayed with him and tried to deepen the impression. But your children came in from the church or school, and found no church in their father's house. Their hearts were softened, but your worldliness soon hardened them. The seed of the kingdom was just springing in their souls, but in the atmosphere of your ungodly house the tender blade withered instantly. Your idle talk, your frivolity, your Sunday visitors, your prayerless evenings, ruined all. You will not need to hinder them long. The carnal mind is enmity against God; but no enmity is so deep as theirs who were almost reconciled and then drew back. You drove your children back. You hardened them. They may never more be moved. They may grow up as prayerless and as ungodly as yourself. If God should change you, they may soon be too hardened for your tears and entreaties. If you die as you are, their evil works will follow you to the world of woe, and pour new ingredients into your own cup of wrath. Oh, think of these things! A prayerless house is not only a cheerless one, but it is a guilty one; for where God is not, there Satan is.—*Hamilton's Church in the House.*

**I WISH I HAD PRAYED MORE.**—One of the sentences uttered by a deceased pastor, when drawing near his end, was, "I WISH I HAD PRAYED MORE." This was one of those weighty sayings which are not unfrequently uttered in view of the solemn realities of eternity. This wish has often recurred to me since his departure, as equally applicable to myself, and with it the resolution of that holy man, president Edwards, "so to live as he would wish he had when he came to die." In reviewing my own life, I wish I had prayed more than I have for the success of the gospel. I have seen enough to furnish me with matter of thankfulness, but, had I prayed more, I might have seen more. I wish I had prayed more than I have for the salvation of those about me, and who are given me in charge. When the father of the lunatic doubted whether Jesus could do anything for

him, he was told in answer that, if he could believe, all things were possible. On hearing this he burst into tears, saying, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" He seems to have understood our Lord as suggesting that, if the child was not healed, it would not be owing to any want of power in him, but to his own unbelief. This might well cause him to weep and exclaim as he did. The thought of his unbelief causing the death of his child was distressing. The same thought has occurred to me as applicable to the neglect of the prayer of faith. Have I not by this guilty negligence been accessory to the destruction of some that are dear to me? And, were I equally concerned for the souls of my connexions as he was for the life of his child, should I not weep with him? I wish I had prayed more than I have for my own soul: I might then have enjoyed much more communion with God. The gospel affords the same ground for spiritual enjoyment as it did to the first Christians. I wish I had prayed more than I have in all my undertakings: I might then have had my steps more directed by God, and attended with fewer deviations from his will. There is no intercourse with God without prayer. It is thus that we walk with God, and have our conversation in heaven.—*Rev. A. Fuller.*

**THE SPHYNX.**—I confess to strange, almost superstitious feelings, says a correspondent of an American paper, as I halted before the Sphinx, and gazed upward on this silent and mighty monument. A huge form rising sixty feet from the ground, one hundred and forty feet long, and the head more than a hundred feet round, with mutilated but yet apparent human features, looking out toward the fertile land and the Nile—it suddenly impressed me as if it were indeed the divinity of ancient Egypt. The Arabs of the present day call it Aboul-hol, the "father of terror," or immensity. An ignorant people might be easily tempted to regard it with reverence and fear. "In its state of pristine perfection, no single statue in Egypt could have vied with it. When," says Mr. Bartlett, "the lower part of the figure, which had been covered up by the sand, was at length uncovered for awhile by laborious and Sisyphean-like toil, (the sand slipping down almost as fast as it could be removed,) it presented the appearance of an enormous couchant sphynx, with gigantic paws, between which crouched, as if for protection, a miniature temple with a platform, and flights of steps for approaching it, with others leading down from the plain above. A crude brick wall protected it from the sand. It is hardly possible to conceive a more strange or imposing spectacle than it must have formerly presented to the worshipper, advancing as he did along this avenue of approach, confined between the sand-walls of the ravine, and looking up over the temple to the colossal head of the tutelary deity, which beamed down upon him from an altitude of sixty feet, with an aspect of god-like benignity. On uncovering the paws, accordingly, many inscriptions were found, records of the admiration of Grecian travellers, and of careful restorations by Roman emperors. One of the former, as translated by Dr. Young, and quoted by Wilkinson, is as follows:—

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,  
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land,  
And with this mighty work of art have graced  
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand,  
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand:  
Not that fierce Sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,  
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;  
Watching that prince beloved who fills the throne  
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.  
That heavenly monarch, (who his foe defies,)  
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise."

"The whole figure is cut out of the rock, excepting the fore-legs. The head formerly was adorned with a cap, which has been removed, but portions of the drapery at the side of the face remain. It may be stated that the circumference of the head around the forehead is given by Pliny as one hundred and two feet. It is supposed to have been originated by Thothmes III., and the names of his son and of later monarchs are inscribed upon it, and they are represented as offering sacrifice to a smaller representation of it."